



She Hears a Gold Flute

I

I am walking over snow
no, not towards you
but towards that place
Where the hills are blue.

Under her coat
The woman wears a sari
under her boots
her skin is dark.

Come give me your hand
I am going over stones
stumbling to a place
I never though I'd know.

II

She hears a tin drum
she hears a gold flute
at the door to a house
a small house of stones.

Come give me your hand
my skin is so dark
my heart is so hot
on this great hill of bones.

MEENA ALEXANDER